The NEW PLAYS

"The Patriot" Is a Joke —and a Good One.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

WILLIE COLLIER has the nerve of a Sicilian player—the sublime courage to play himself. And thereby hangs a tale entitled "The Patriot" that is unfolded between laughs at the Garrick Theatre. The programme calls it a farce. In the same breath it calls Collier William. Sometimes your programme is a sad deceiver. As a matter of fun "The Patriot" is a joke—and a good one.

Willie, alias William, seems to be the only actor on our stage with whom neither the play nor anything else matters. He is it. Nothing proves his all-sufficing powers better than the jolly affair at the Garrick. It may not be much more than a Collier monologue, with perhaps the obvious savor of a minstrel show, but for the good gift of laughter let us be devoutly grateful and thank the one sure-fire comedian who can always be depended upon to drive dull care up an alley.

William Collier as Sir Augustus Plantagenet Armitage.

In the course of his remarks Mr. Collier observes: "Never be afraid of being hurt by laughter—I couldn't live without it." A personal touch, but the gladsome truth, Horatio! It is good to feel that Mr. Collier doesn't sigh to play Hamlet, though he almost played it three times in one hard winter at the Bijou. But now he is sticking to the job that is best for him and best for us. Laughter doesn't frighten him. He can't live without it. Same here. It's a well man who knows his own laugh.

But when Mr. Collier comes on as Sir Augustus Plantagenet Armitage you don't know what to make of him. His face is as long as his name. He is as mute as Marcellus. While the last remains of a poker game are removing themselves from "Armitage Manor," a Nevada shack suffering from a severe attack of English humor, he hides behind a door and hears the men say they are tired of working in his unresponsive mine without pay. As he is thinking it over a voiceless youngster comes in with a note. The note is good for a small loan of coffee. Then the kiddie whispers something into the ear of the "boss." This brings a handful of sugar. Off trots the happy child. Now for Collier? Not at all. He reads a letter—to himself. Then he walks out, still inhaling his thoughts. You rub your eyes. Will wonders never cease? The "star" has come and gone without a word!

Did Mr. Collier, as co-author with J. Hartley Manners, write this scene? We think he did. But you can't keep a good man quiet. When he comes back he unlimbers his tongue, and it keeps going until it is time for you to go home.

The first business of Sir Augustus, etc., is to call a meeting of the shareholders of the Bull Frog mine, including Bijou Strong, who carries her own bar; Nell, who is learning to spell and love her "boss," an Indian who thinks he is full of business, and other stage types that have grown old in Western melodrama. Collier has the floor. He is the "boss." But his glowing speech of riches to come isn't worth a cent to Big Steve, who wants to hear money talk. It looks as though it were all up with the "boss." But the working force no sooner walks out than in walks an English solicitor to inform Sir Augustus that an uncle has died in London and left him £10,000 a year. There are "conditions," but the joyful "boss" doesn't wait to hear them explained. He starts at once for London, and to convince Steve that he isn't running away to get out of paying his debts he takes along "Pop" Strong and that gentleman's thirsty wife.

Helen Hale as Nell.

The "boss" in London is almost like Collier in vaudeville. To train a monocle, to twirl a cane without knocking off a top hat, to walk into tables and chairs in an attempt to look lofty, and to set up an American bar in opposition to English tea-drinking, may be ancient comedy, but Mr. Collier makes it seem as new as it is funny. Always over-tailored, he furnishes a good excuse for his clothes in this case and keeps the house in roars of laughter with his utter nonsense. A comedian who can turn these old tricks to good account could probably turn the alphabet into a howling joke.

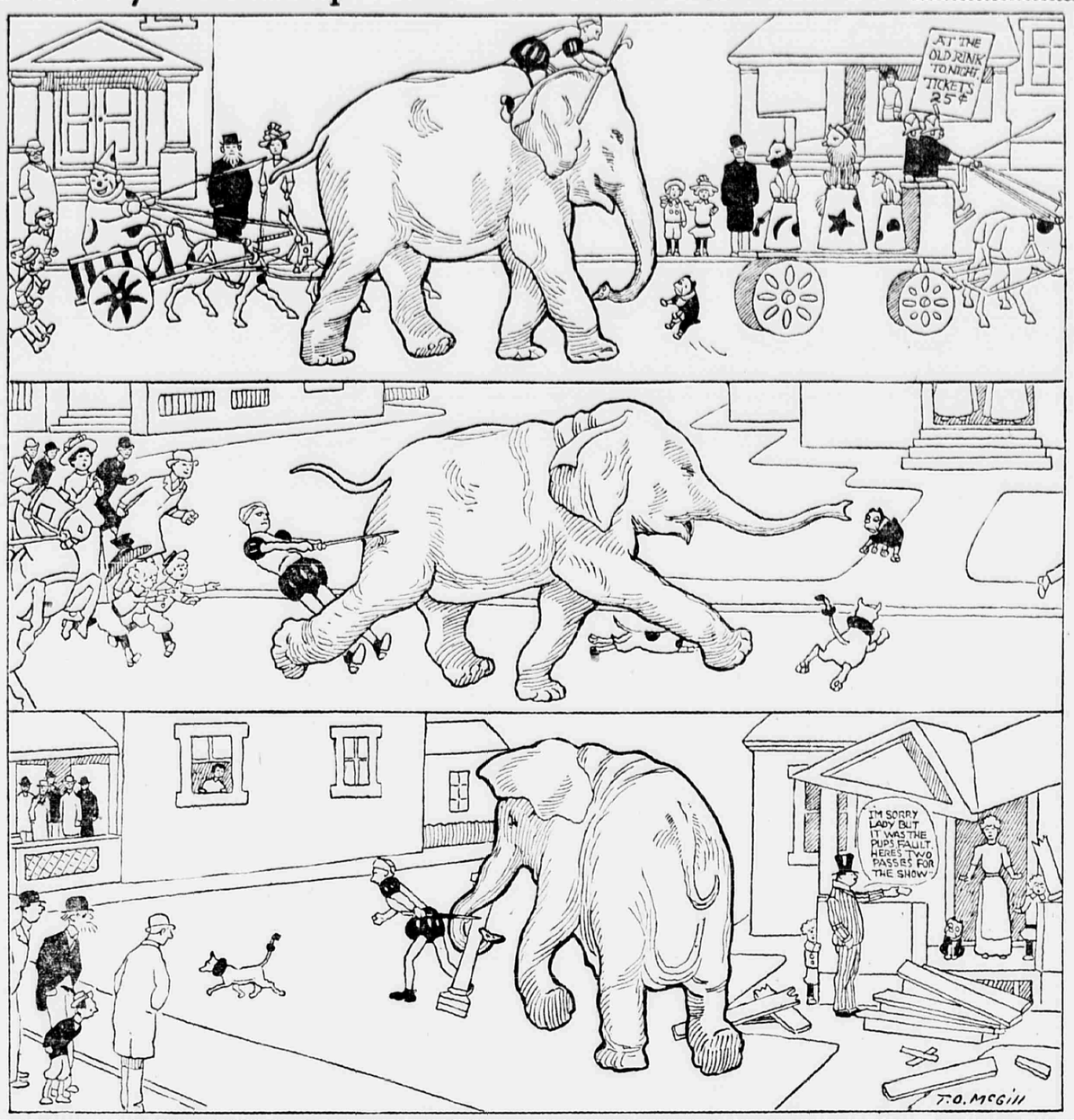
Miss Helena Collier-Garrick goes even a step beyond her brother along the broad road of burlesque, and if she makes Bijou seem impossible in London she at least makes her amusing. Her humor, hardly non-alcoholic at its best, naturally shocks the aristocratic Mrs. Berkshire and her chilly daughter, and the upshot of the badly mixed dinner party is that Sir Augustus, born in England but bred in America, gives up his chance of a fortune rather than take the icy young lady who goes with it.

And so he goes back to Nevada and a third act that falls into the last ditch of burlesque, with the entire male population of Fir Tree Hill waiting to welcome him in frock coats and plug hats. But this act is redeemed by an original scene in which the "boss" proposes to Nell. In an awkward moment he picks up a chair and interrupts himself to remark, "See, I can lift it with one hand." Then as a last resort he takes down the rod of his schoolmaster days and makes Nell behave as a girl should when the right man asks her to marry him. Incidentally, Miss Helen Hale behaves very nicely all through the play.

The mine "pans out," and so does the play. So far as the story goes, "The Patriot" has nothing to brag about, but thanks to Collier it's a great big laughing success.

The Jollys' Bull Pup

By T. O. McGill



Meditations of a Married Man

By Clarence L. Cullen.

ALTHOUGH she knows perfectly well that you can be the wooziest kind of a sentimentalist even on occasions when you are unfed, she will persistently work in that frazzled, moss-covered promidiom, "The way to a man's heart lies through his stomach." Let her. They'd die if deprived of their favorite wheezes, of which this is a sample.

She tells you that before you were married you were only too eager to stoop down and tie her shoe lace when it became untied on the street. Now, however, you—er—you— Well, prisoner at the bar, what have you to say to that? Guilty as indicted. Remanded for sentence.

When she gets her knocking clothes on get just as busy as you possibly can get reading the paper or something. Otherwise, next month or so, she'll vow and vum that YOU did that particular bit of knocking. She's liable to vum and vow this anyhow.

She is fond of quoting the somewhat gulpy, tremolo music observations of the emotional type of famous men about how much they owe of their "greatness" to their mothers. Beware this deadfall. She wants you to pay a little tribute to your mother so that she can say, "But, mercy sakes alive! you don't call yourself great, do you?"

She insists upon telling you every word of what Mrs. Gitapp said, and what she herself said in reply, and you rest your book in your lap and pretend to be profundly immersed in her somewhat piffly and pointless narrative. But begin to tell her something in which you yourself are peculiarly interested and observe how quickly she'll get into an unhearing trance, or stare out of the window, or start to play with the kitten, or something.

If it be true that no man can be a hero to his valet, what possible chance have you got to get away with it when you essay to be a hero in the estimation of your wife?

When you're taking a downtown stroll together she'll keep a tight clutch on your arm and make you stop at every little shop window—except the window where are displayed some snappy French color prints. These prints are "disgraceful" and "shouldn't be allowed," and she's surprised that you have the audacity to admit that you'd like to look at 'em, 'deed she is.

She never forgets to remind you, particularly when you're in a blithe, chirpy humor, about how that gloom-creating bald spot of yours seems to be spreading every day. But just you happen to mention those tell-tale hollows that are beginning to appear at the sides of her chin, and see what happens, that's all!

Merely mention, by way of making talk, that her just-departed caller appeared to possess a somewhat high-pitched, raucous voice, and she'll instantly declare that it's a perfect shame and degradation the way you positively loathe and despise all of her friends; and that "pretty soon it'll get so that everybody I know will be afraid to come near me."

She makes you spend about four evenings restringing and fixing up your neglected violin. But as soon as you get the violin in fine shape, and begin to play on it, she beats it to the apartment across the hall and remains there, fanning things over with her woman friend, until it's time for you to go to bed.

Drop downtown just ONE evening by yourself, and at breakfast the next morning you'll have an even-money chance of hearing that old, old plaint: "I must be becoming perfectly hideous or something, for you NEVER take me anywhere any more."

She'll sit in a bad light of an evening and embroider a shirt waist until her eyes are all but dropping out of her head. But ask her to sew a button on your pajamas and she'll tell you that you just must TRY to PULL the buttons off your garments when you remove 'em.

Do not, immediately after she has complained that men have brutally deprived women of the opportunity of doing anything really useful in the world—DO NOT, at that moment suggest that you'd deem her pretty useful if she'd put the buttons in a dress shirt for you. She'd call that wanton ridicule, and you know what happens when you're accused of that.

Ever notice how she positively delights in telling the prettiest women that come to your home how terrifically you snore?

Home Hints

For Busy Housewives.

Prune Whip.

ONE pint stewed prunes, stoned and chopped fine; add the whites of six eggs beaten stiff, one cup of sugar, half teaspoonful vanilla; beat well. Put in a buttered earthen dish. Bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes. Delicious served with whipped cream.

Prune Pudding.

PERHAPS some one would like this prune pudding: Make a crust as for cream of tartar biscuits. Stew the prunes, and when soft roll out the crust and lay on the prunes, then fold up and steam. Sauce—Take the water the prunes were boiled in and thicken it a little. This is nice for a change.

Squash Pie.

TWO cups of boiled, drained and mashed squash, put through potato ricer is best; 2 beaten eggs, 1 cup of milk, 1 cup of sugar. Stir together until blended. Put in plate covered with crust, grate nutmeg on top, bake on floor of moderate oven until firm.

Onion Sandwiches.

TAKE one cup of chopped onion and cover with strong salt water. Let stand three hours, drain and mix with a good mayonnaise dressing. Butter thin slices of bread and put a generous supply of the onion between.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.

TRANSLATED

By Helen Rowland.

HEARKEN, my daughter, unto the Seven Commandments of Common Sense! Hearken and obey, that thou mayest appear proper in the sight of men—but not too proper!

1. Thou shalt not tell! Boast not of thy conquests, neither to thy mother, nor to thy girl chum, nor to thy maidservant, nor to any female thing that is in thy house; for they are as mosquito netting through which a secret drippeth as water.

2. Thou shalt not ask questions! Inquire of no man where, nor why, nor with whom he hath been; for a woman that asketh questions is as pepper in the soup of a door that will not shut, but bangeth continually upon the ears.

3. Pursue not any man with notes and with invitations, neither with telephone calls nor with foolish gifts; for a man that stalketh anything, from a bear to a woman, fleeth when the game turneth to chase him.

4. Thou shalt not sigh; for a little smile worketh wonders, but a sentimental sigh worketh no man.

5. Yet thou shalt not laugh AT any man; for a man forgiveth the woman that maketh him suffer, but he hateth her that maketh him ridiculous.

6. Thou shalt not be a frump; for a soiled reputation piqueth a man's curiosity, but a soiled petticoat disgusteth him. Yea, a Pierrot ruche with a frayed edge getteth upon his nerves and a moth-eaten bird upon thy hat taketh away his appetite for kisses.

7. Thou shalt put nothing in a letter which would not read well in the newspapers, lest some day it getteth therein. For there cometh a time when a letter shall grow cold, and that which looketh beautiful in the summer of burning love looketh foolish in the autumn of estrangement, when a man hath "gotten over it."

These are the Commandments of thy Mother, the seven hundredth Wife of the Sage, unto whom Man is as simple as a Sunday supplement puzzle, which can be solved by babes. Selah!

Beauty Hints

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Remedy for Blackheads.

MISS S. K.—The best way to remove blackheads is by the daily use of the complexion brush, so frequently recommended. If, however, the blackheads are very persistent, they may be removed in this way: Get a small quantity of green soap from the drugstore, and green soap, by the way, is not green at all, but a brownish color. It is about the consistency of custard. Before using the green soap bathe the face in water as hot as can be pleasantly borne. Then wring out cloths in hot water and lay over the face, renewing them frequently. Continue this operation for ten or fifteen minutes. Anoint the face with green soap and rub it well into the pores for some minutes. Scrub with your complexion brush and hot water and rinse many times. Dry with a soft towel and rub in a skin food or cold cream. Continue the treatment every night until the blackheads disappear.

To Lighten Drab Hair.

ETHEL.—To give a warmer tinge to drab hair mix a small handful of saffron into a pint of tincture of rosemary. After shampooing the hair steep it in the mixture, if desired letting it stay on all night, wrapping the head in oilskin to prevent evaporation.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

Fancy Aprons—Pattern No. 6164.

THIS is the day of the fancy apron. Chafing dish functions are a fad, and nothing gives such a fascinating, housewifely touch to the toilette as an apparently protective apron, let it in reality be as frivolous as it may. Also fancy work of various sorts occupies the leisure hours of a great many women, and such aprons as these are both attractive and useful, whether the employment be that of the needlewoman or the dainty housewife. They can be made from lawn, batiste, either plain or figured, from flowered organdie or from any material that is used for aprons, and they are pretty and sufficiently elaborate to suit even the exacting girl, while they are very simple and easy to make.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is for the round apron 1 1-8 yards of material 24, 7-8 yard either 32 or 44 inches wide with 1-2 yard of beading, 3 1-2 yards of edging and 5 yards of ribbon; for the square apron will be needed 1 yard of material any width with 1 1-4 yards of narrow and 3-8 yard of wide beading, 8 1-2 yards of narrow ribbon and 3 yards of wide.

Pattern No. 6164 is cut in one size only.

How to Obtain These Patterns. Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 132 East Twenty-third Street, New York. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

A Romance of Mystery, Love and Adventure.

THE BLACK BAG

By Joseph Vance,

Author of "The Brass Bowl," "The Private War," Etc.

(Copyright, 1908, by Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENT.

Philip Kirkwood, a rich young Californian, who has been studying art in Paris, loses his entire fortune through the San Francisco earthquake. He comes to London and engages passage for New York. At his London hotel Kirkwood is visited by an elderly English friend, Brentwick, who vainly tries to lend him money to tide over the next few weeks. After Brentwick's departure Kirkwood begins to realize his own destitute, hopeless condition. He receives a call from a stout man, who calls himself "Calendar," and who hints at a mysterious service, for which he says Philip would be richly paid. Philip believes the man is a scoundrel and will have no dealings with him.

CHAPTER II.

Adventures.

THE assumption seems not unwarrantable that Mr. Calendar figuratively washed his hands of Mr. Kirkwood. Unquestionably Mr. Kirkwood considered himself well rid of Mr. Calendar. When the latter had gone his way Kirkwood, mindful of the fact that his boat-train would leave St. Pancras at half-past eleven, set about his packing and dismissed from his thoughts the incident created by the fat chevalier d'industrie; and at six o'clock, or thereabouts, let himself out of his room, dressed for the evening, a light topcoat over one arm, in the other hand a cane—the drizzle having ceased.

A stolid British lift lifted him down to the ground floor of the establishment in something short of five minutes. Pausing in the office long enough to settle his bill and leave instructions to have his luggage conveyed to the boat-train, he received with entire equanimity the affable benediction of the clerk, in whose eyes he still figured as that radiant creature, an American millionaire; and passed on to the lobby, where he surrendered hat, coat and stick to the cloak-room attendant, ere entering the dining-room.

The hour was a trifle early for a London dinner, the handsome room but moderately filled with patrons. Kirkwood absorbed the fact unconsciously and without displeasure; the earlier, the better: he was determined to consume his last civilized meal (as he chose to consider it) at his serene leisure, to live fully his ebbing moments in the world to which he was born, to drink to its cloying dregs one ultimate draught of luxury.

A benignant waiter bowed him into a chair by a corner table in juxtaposition with an open window, through which, swaying imperceptibly the closed hangings, were wafted gentle gusts of the London evening's sweet, damp breath.

Kirkwood settled himself with an inaudible sigh of pleasure. He was dining, for the last time in Heaven knew how long, in a first-class restaurant.

With a deferential flourish the waiter brought him the menu-card. He had served in his time many an "American millionaire;" he had also served this Mr. Kirkwood, and respected him as one exalted above the run of his kind, in that he comprehended the art of dining.

Fifteen minutes later the waiter departed rejoicing, his order complete.

To distract a conscience whispering of extravagance, Kirkwood lighted a cigarette.

The room was gradually filling with later arrivals; it was the most favored restaurant in London, and, despite the radiant costumes of the women, its atmosphere remained sedate and restful.

A cab clattered down the side street on which the window opened.

At a near-by table a woman laughed, quietly happy. Incuriously Kirkwood glanced her way. She was bending forward, smiling, flattering her escort with the adoration of her eyes. They were lovers alone in the wilderness of the crowded restaurant. They seemed very happy.

Kirkwood was conscious of a strange pang of emotion. It took him some time to comprehend that it was envy.

He was alone and lonely. For the first time he realized that no woman had ever looked upon him as the woman at the adjoining table looked upon her lover. He had found time to worship but one mistress—his art.

And he was renouncing her.

He was painfully conscious of what he had missed, had lost—or had not yet found; the love of woman.

The sensation was curious — now, unique in his experience.

His cigarette burned down to his fingers as he sat pondering. Abstractedly he ground its fire out in an ash-tray.

The waiter set before him a silver tureen, covered.

He sat up and began to consume his soup, scarce doing it justice. His dream troubled him—his dream of the love of woman.

From a little distance his waiter regarded him with an air of disappointment. In the course of an hour and a half he awoke, to discover the attendant in the act of pouring very hot and black coffee from a bright silver pot into a demi-tasse of fragile porcelain. Kirkwood slipped a single lump of sugar into the cup, gave over his cigar case to be filled, then leaned back, deliberately lighting a long and slender panetela as a preliminary to a last lingering appreciation of the scene of which he was a part.

He reviewed it through narrowed eyelids, lazily; yet with some slight surprise, seeming to see it with new vision, with eyes from which scales of ignorance had dropped.

The long and brilliant dining-hall, with its quiet perfection of proportion and appointment, had always gratified his love of the beautiful; to-night it pleased him to an unusual degree. Yet it was the same as ever; its walls tinted a deep rose, with their hangings of dull cloth-of-gold, its lights discriminatingly clustered and discreetly shaded, redoubled in half a hundred mirrors, its subdued shimmer of plate and glass, its soberly festive assemblage of circumspect men and women splendidly gowned, its decorously muted murmur of voices penetrated and interwoven by the strains of a hidden string orchestra—caressed his senses as always, yet with a difference. To-night he saw it a room populous with lovers, lovers insensibly paired, man unto woman attentive, woman of man regardful.

He had never understood this before. This much he had missed in life.

It seemed hard to realize that one must forego it all forever.

Presently he found himself acutely self-conscious. The sensation puzzled him; and without appearing to do so, he traced it from effect to cause; and found the cause in a woman—a girl, rather, seated at a table the third removed from him, near the further wall of the room.

Too considerate and too embarrassed to return her scrutiny openly, look for look, he yet felt sure that, however temporarily, he was become the object of her intent interest.

Idly employed with his cigar, he sipped his coffee. In time aware that she had turned her attention elsewhere, he looked up.

At first he was conscious of an effect of disappointment. She was nobody that he knew, even by reputation. She was simply a young girl, barely out of her teens—if as old as that phrase would signify. He wondered what she had found in him to make her think him worth so long a study; and looked again, more keenly curious.

With this second glance, appreciation stirred the artistic side of his nature, that was already grown impatient of his fretted mood. The slender and girlish figure, posed with such absolute lack of intrusion against a screen of rose and gilt, moved him to critical admiration. The tinted glow of shaded candles caught glistening on the spun gold of her fair hair, and enhanced the fine pallor of her young shoulders. He saw promise, and something more than promise, in her face, its oval something dimmed by warm shadows that unavailingly sought to blend youth and beauty alike into dull, rich background.

In the sheer youth of her (he realized), more than in aught else, lay her chiefest charm. She could be little more than a child, indeed, if he were to judge her by the purity of her shadowed eyes and the absence of emotion in the calm and direct look which presently she turned upon him who sat wondering at the level, pencilled darkness of her brows.

At length aware that she had surprised his interest, Kirkwood glanced aside—coolly deliberate, lest she should detect in his attitude anything more than impersonal approval.

A slow color burned his cheeks. In his temples there rose a curious pulsing.

After a while she drew his gaze again, imperiously—herself all unaware of the havoc she was wreaking on his temperament.

He could have fancied her distraught, cloaking an unhappy heart with placid brow and gracious demeanor; but such a conception matched strangely her glowing youth and spirit. What had she to do with Care? What concern had Black Care, whose gaunt shape in sable shrouds had lurked at his shoulder all the evening, despite his rigid preoccupation, with a being as charmingly flushed with budding womanhood as this girl?

"Eighteen?" he hazarded. "Eighteen, or possibly nineteen, dining at the Piess in a ravishing dinner-gown, and—unhappy? Oh, hardly—not she!"

Yet the impression haunted him, and ere long he was fain to seek confirmation or denial of it in the manner of her escort.

The latter sat with back to Kirkwood, cutting a figure as negative as his snug evening clothes. One could surmise little from a fleshy thick neck, a round, glazed bald spot, a fringe of grizzled hair, and two bright red ears.

Calendar?

Somehow the fellow did suggest Kirkwood's caller of the afternoon. The young man could not have said precisely how, for he was unfamiliar with the aspect of that gentleman's back. None the less the suggestion persisted.

By now, a few of the guests, theatre-bound for the most part, were leaving. Here and there a table stood vacant, that had been filled, cloth tarnished, chairs disarranged; in another moment to be transformed into its pristine brilliance under the deft attentions of the servitors.

Down an aisle, past the table at which the girl was sitting, came two, making toward the lobby; the man, a slight and meager young personality, in the lead. Their party had attracted Kirkwood's notice as they entered; why, he did not remember; but it was in his mind that then they had been three. Instinctively he looked at the table they had left—one placed at some distance from the girl, and hidden from her by an angle in the wall. It appeared that the third member had chosen to daily a few moments over his tobacco and a liqueur-brandy. Kirkwood could see him plainly, lounging in his chair and fumbling the stem of a glass: a heavy man, of sober habit, his black and sullen brows lowering and thoughtful above a face boldly handsome.

The woman of the trio was worthy of closer attention. Some pace in the wake of her lack-lustre esquire, she was making a leisurely progress, trailing the skirts of a gown magnificent beyond dispute, half concealed though it was by the opera cloak whose soft folds draped her shoulders. Slowly, carrying her head high, she approached, insolent eyes reviewing the room from beneath their heavy lids: a metallic and mature type of dark beauty, supremely self-confident and self possessed.

Men turned involuntarily to look after her, not altogether in undiluted admiration.

In the act of passing behind the putative Calendar she paused momentarily, bending as if to gather up her train. Presumably the action disturbed her balance; she swayed a little, and in the effort to recover rested the tips of her gloved fingers upon the edge of the table. Simultaneously (Kirkwood could have sworn) a single word left her lips, a word evidently pitched for the ear of the hypothetical Calendar alone. Then she swept on, imperturbable, assured.

To the perplexed observer it was indubitably evident that some communication had passed from the woman to the man. Kirkwood saw the fat shoulders of the girl's companion stiffen suddenly as the woman's hand rested at his elbow; as she moved away, a little rippling shiver was plainly visible in the muscles of his back, beneath his coat—mute token of relaxing tension. An instant later one plump and mottled hand was carelessly placed where the woman's had been, and was at once removed with fingers closed.

To the girl, watching her face covertly, Kirkwood turned for clue to the incident. He made no doubt that she had observed the passage; proof of that one found in her sudden startling pallor (of indignation?) and in her eyes, briefly alight with some inscrutable emotion, though quickly veiled by lowered lashes. Slowly enough she regained color and composure, while her vis-a-vis sat motionless, head inclined as if in thought.

(To Be Continued.)